

## WASHINGTON SAUSAGE.

**A Profound Mystery Whose Solution Has Not Been Discovered.**

**A Table Delicacy of Which Little Is Known to the Public—Meat of Every Description Enters Into Its Composition.**

Special Washington Letter.

There are many mysterious things in daily life which seem to be beyond the analytical power of scientific men; and one of the most wonderful of them all is the Washington boarding house sausage. It is like the wind which bloweth where it listeth, and no man knoweth whence it cometh nor whither it goeth. Everybody likes sausage and children cry for it; but what it is made of, or by whom, is a question not easy to answer. We have to pay ten or twelve cents a pound for our cheapest meats in this



A QUESTION HARD TO SOLVE.

city; while our best cuts of beef cost from twenty to twenty-five cents a pound. We can buy good sausage for eight cents a pound. Of what kind of meat is it made? Who can figure out that problem? It is no wonder that popular suspicion exists that the manufacturer of sausage meat gets traps in the cellar and on the back fence for game fit for sausage. He surely cannot use twelve-cent meat for eight-cent sausage. That would hasten every butcher into bankruptcy. There is a story current that a very hungry dog refused to eat sausage because he recognized in the meat his long lost brother. As a matter of fact, the only place to get good sausage is out in the country on the farm where the honest yeoman manufactures his own product for the consumption of his own family. In the large cities, every string, link or hand of sausage is an object of suspicion.

A big butcher here, who has grown rich in the business, but continues his work, makes sausage of pure meat for his oldest customers. They can go to his workshop and see the entire process from the killing of the animal to the delivery of the sausage in their baskets. Then, in another part of his place, an old friend may be permitted to see the course of preparation of sausage for the public markets. The good sausage costs fifteen cents a pound. The market sausage costs only eight cents a pound. The best is made of fresh meat, and the fore quarters of the steers are the parts particularly selected for the purpose, for the reason that the meat from that part of the animal is found to produce better sausage than the hind quarters, though the latter are frequently employed also. Of the hog all parts are utilized, except the ribs, which bring a good price for chops, and the part of the breast that is turned into bacon. What is known as "heavy veal"—that is to say, calves weighing 250 or 300 pounds—is made use of entire; that is to say, all of the good meat is utilized for sausage, but none of the refuse.

It is not generally known that butchers usually speak of their slaughtered animals as the "carcass" and the "fifth quarter." The "carcass" means all of the good meat part of the body of an animal. The "fifth quarter" consists of the head and feet, the entrails, the brain, the heart, the liver and the lungs. For many of these things most people would have no use, but there are plenty of customers who like beef or hog brains for frying, and even the lungs for cooking in two or three styles. Tripe, which is the lining of the stomach, goes with the fifth quarter. All of this part of the animal is used for market sausage. It is kept in an ice box for a day or two, then taken out and hashed by machinery. The bones are scraped, and everything goes into the machine except the hide, hoofs and bone. It is all clean, and when well spiced, tastes well and is not unwholesome. It is put into an ice box over night in its hashed condition, and then taken out for further process of mixing, before it is ready for market. It is composed of beef and pork, in equal proportions, mixed and chopped a third time, the mace, sage, marjoram and other spices so completely monopolizing the taste that no one can even suspect the mixing nor imagine what kind of meat he is consuming. City hash must be taken on faith.

There are very many sausages imported from Germany to this country, and then there are imitations of these foreign products made by our own sausage makers, which look and taste so much like the foreign food that even Germans are deceived by them. Some are so hard that only a very sharp knife will cut them. They are composed largely of horse meat; and thus many a worn-out cavalry horse in Germany is sent to America in a minced condition. The imported sausage and the bolognas, domestic or imported, have a speckled appearance which is caused by the fact that fat and lean meat are mixed together, and the white blotches are pieces of fat. From France we get our first blood sausage, which is made by mixing one part of the blood with two or three parts of meat. But, no matter

how it is made sausage is sausage, the people like it, are bound to have it, and a description of its manufacture will make it no sweeter.

The keeper of a prominent restaurant here gives a sausage sandwich for lunch every day, which is very popular. In a large chafing dish he has a countless number of small sausages swimming in their own gravy. A big, smiling colored man stands behind the counter with a large fork in his right hand. For an hour or more he is kept busy dipping large slices of bread in the gravy and placing hot sausages between them, which regular customers of the place take upon little saucers and eat with dainty little knives and forks. The guests never ask any questions about their sausages, but they are all right, anyway, for the proprietor is a first-class caterer who never serves anything but the best the market affords, no matter what the price may be. His china, napkins, tablecloths and all things about the place are of the finest, and everything is clean and homelike.

The very antipode of this place was the stage of a scene from real life which is worthy of mention, although there is nothing about sausage in it. A chronicler of events was seated in the restaurant of the house of representatives at the capitol when two ladies and a gentleman entered and were shown to one of the tables by a waiter. Hardly had the party been seated when one of the ladies exclaimed: "Oh, let's move to the next table; this cloth is soiled." And they accordingly moved. The incident might be taken as a text for a short sermon on the lack of neatness in the ordinary restaurant and eating house. The proprietors all seem to think that if a multitude and variety of dishes are furnished for a reasonable amount of money they have done as much as they could be expected to do for the comfort and accommodation of the public. Now, to many persons, a neat-looking table, with silver bright and clean, the glasses shining, the cloth unsoiled, the napkins ample and white—all these things are absolutely necessary before they can enjoy a meal. It matters not to them how many meats and entrees and vegetables are served if the surroundings are such as to banish an appetite. A big blotch of gravy here, a berry stain there and other unmistakable indications that the preceding diner had had coffee, while the drinking glasses are dingy, and the knives and forks greasy, are too common in some of the city restaurants. Neatness first and abundance afterward might better be their motto. The only way to compel improvement is to criticize, upon the principle that "line upon line and precept upon precept" will ultimately have their effect and produce satisfactory results.

"The best made sausage," says a prominent restaurateur, "is too rich for people who have delicate digestive organs. It is composed of so many ingredients and is so highly seasoned that only strong men and women can digest it. By the way, do you know that the best tonic and aid to digestion which is furnished by nature is lemon juice? It is a fact; and in serving sau-



WAITING FOR THE LAST CHANGE.

sages to my customers each of them is given half a lemon. Very few of them use it, however, either because they do not like lemon very well, or because they do not know what an aid it is to the gastric juices. I do not think that any rich food should be eaten without at least a few drops of lemon. It acts like magic, and I have known cases of acute dyspepsia cured by the use of the lemon. Try it yourself, and advise your friends to do so.

"There is another thing," he continued, "that should be avoided by persons who are not robust. They should not eat Welsh rarebits. Of course, my customers can have anything they order, but I hate to serve sausage or rarebits, except to big men and women. I find that it injures my business. People who eat such things, if they suffer dyspeptic pains afterward, blame the restaurant and declare that the cooking is bad, when, as a matter of fact, they have eaten what no cook on earth could make digestible for them, although other men and women might eat the same things and enjoy them. Very few men and women know what they ought to eat, or how to cook and eat it."

SMITH D. FRY.

**It Made a Great Difference.**

A Linn Grove girl found a package of love letters that had been written to her mother by her father before they were married, says the Sioux Rapids Republican. The daughter saw that she could have a little sport and read them to her mother, substituting her own name for that of her mother and a fine young man for that of her father. The mother jumped up and down her chair, shifted her feet, seemed terribly disgusted and forbade her daughter having anything to do with a young man who wrote such sickening and nonsensical stuff to a girl. When the young lady handed the letter to her mother to read the house became so still that one could hear the grass growing in the back yard.

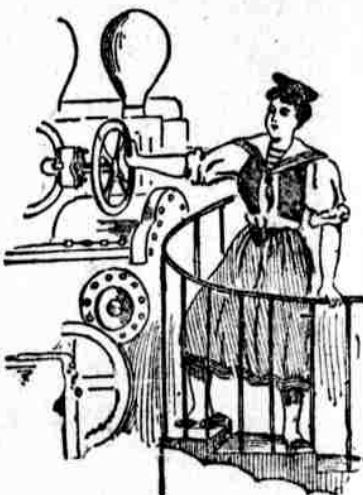
## WOMAN AND HOME.

**A WOMAN ENGINEER.**

**She Runs a Steamboat and Skillfully Handles the Levers.**

Did you ever hear of a woman steamboat engineer? There is just one in America, and probably in the world, and she is Madge Trueworthy, of Scituate, Mass. No mention is made of her in Uncle Sam's latest register of statistics of women's occupations, because fame has not found her out, but her name is on record with the authorities of the state of Maine, for to Madge Trueworthy was issued the first and only steamboat engineer's license ever given a woman within the knowledge of history.

Madge Trueworthy is a young woman of twenty-five, a slip of a girl, with



MADGE TRUEWORTHY.

blue eyes and a merry face, but she has wiry muscles, a clear head and a deal of self-confidence when it comes to engineering matters, and she has known all there is to be known about navigating a boat since she was a little girl in short skirts. She is the daughter of a steamboat engineer and the wife of another. She comes of seaworthy stock, and as she tells the story, it was the most natural thing in the world that she came to be an engineer.

"The first steamboat I ever ran was my father's," she explains. "We'd often take little excursions up to Boston on it, and one day I was in the engine-room when the bell rang to go on, and I stepped up and started her. My father let me run the boat up to Boston, and very often afterward I acted as engineer on our pleasure trips."

"After my marriage we went south to Charleston, and then to Savannah, Ga., where my husband became engineer of the U. S. S. Smith on the Savannah river. The captain asked my husband to bring me down one day, and so I went with him one morning at four o'clock, and happened to be in the engine room when the signal came to start. My husband had stepped out for a minute, and before he could respond I started her up. My husband was busy at something else, and when he saw I was in his place he called out: 'Think you can manage all right?' and I called back 'Yes,' so he went on with what he was doing. Of course I didn't suppose anybody was around, but when I happened to turn to the window I saw a man watching me with both eyes and his mouth wide open with astonishment. It was an old pilot, and it only took a day or so to spread the news, and when I'd go along the street afterward I used to hear the people remark: 'There goes the lady engineer.'"

Her husband is a well-known steamboat and railroad man, a member of the Brotherhood of Engineers; her father is Capt. John H. Smith of the Fourth Life-saving station at Scituate, Mass. Capt. Smith traces his ancestry direct from Peregrine White, who was born aboard the Mayflower. The high-backed colonial chairs, the prayer-books and family records have come down to him as heirlooms, and the stories that Madge heard earliest, instead of the fairy tales of the "Three Bears" and "Little Red Riding Hood," was the story of her revolutionary grandaunts, generations back. Rebecca and Abigail, the daughter of Lighthouse Keeper Bates, who with life and drum played as if an army marched and put the British fleet to flight in the time of war.

Little Mrs. Trueworthy is ambitious to take the examination and apply for a marine license, which will make her a full-fledged engineer, and so it is among the possibilities that in the future of the new woman she may be engineer on a great ocean steamer and sail the seas over.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

**ABOUT THE HAIR.**

FINE, scanty hair means weak development, bad health, melancholy or childlessness.

Thin eyebrows are a sign of apathy and flabbiness. The nearer they are to the eyes the more serious, profound and social the character.

Hair growing low on the forehead signifies a strong constitution and long-lived ancestry; a peak coming down on the forehead shows excellent powers of observation, honest purposes and a fructuous temper.

EYEBROWS gently arched signify the modesty of a maiden; horizontally and in a straight line they show a vigorous character; when horizontal for a part of their length and short, strength of mind is united with frankness and goodness.

**A Safeguard for Baby.**

When the baby is just beginning to stand and crawl around, a novel playground that will not be in the way can be made out of a pine table. Invert this and pad the bottom with soft cushions so that the child cannot hurt himself. Several strands of soft manilla rope wound around the legs a number of times will serve as side pieces to keep the baby in the play house. His toys and playthings should be tied to the legs of the inverted table, and in this way he can be kept quiet for hours without any possibility of danger happening to him.—Queen of Fashion.

## DOMESTICATED WOMEN.

**Their Lives Are Happier Than Those Led by Their "Advanced" Sisters.**

It is a great mistake to think that because a woman is domesticated she must, in consequence, be dull, dowdy, old-fashioned, and altogether out of the social sphere. A domesticated woman need not be a mere domestic drudge, whose thoughts and conversation are confined wholly and solely to her household duties, the servants and care of the nursery; who can take no interest in art, literature, politics or society.

It is quite possible, even in these days of rush and hurry, as many women have proved, to take a personal and practical interest in her home and belongings, and at the same time keep in touch with the deeper, fuller life of the outside world. To look well after her own household is the duty and should be the pleasure of every woman. Even those who have to leave the shelter of their homes to work in the busy world outside—and what a number of refined women have to do this in the present day—need not neglect their homes, for it is not so much time that is necessary for the smooth working of a household as thought, methods and punctuality. If the machinery is put in good working order, not much time will be required to put it in motion each day.

Women's duties are varied as well as domestic, for it is a duty as well as a pleasure to move in pleasant society, to keep up old friends, and make new acquaintances—a duty we owe to ourselves as well as to others, for none of us are meant for self alone. A domesticated woman can fulfill these duties, for, living in the calm and peaceful atmosphere of a well-ordered home, she has the time that the woman, who is always rushing about and trying to do everything, cannot command.

The truth is that the women who lead lives of excitement and rush do so, not because they really like it, but because it is what they consider fashionable. If the tide were once turned, they would gladly follow it, and, in following it, would discover that their lives were fuller and happier than in the days when they ran about, breathlessly, with complaints of no time, and a bustling air that deceived no one except themselves.—St. Louis Republic.

**TRIFLES FOR FAIRS.**

**Things That Are Easily Made and Can Be Sold at a Fair Price.**

A great variety of attractive and inexpensive trifles for sale at fairs can be easily fashioned out of heavy water-color paper. Calendars and blotters, music and picture folios, photograph cases and picture frames, as well as note-paper and postal-card cases, are among the dainty and charming things that a little taste and ingenuity can contrive. Of course, a little skill in the use of water colors, so that graceful flower sprays can be painted, will be a great advantage; but much can be accomplished with a free use of gilding and soft-toned ribbons. Beware of bright reds, vivid blues and crude greens; the days of these have gone by. A charming blotter nine by twelve inches, has rough torn edges, which are deeply splashed irregularly with gilding, and diagonally, from lower left-hand corner to upper right-hand, is lettered some suitable motto, as: "Written thoughts are living things." Underneath this fasten three or four leaves of blotting paper, tying all together with a generous bow of old-rose ribbon, fastened in one corner. Very pretty cases for hosiery, shoes, gloves and handkerchiefs are made of fine linen or pongee, etched with simple designs in blue and white, copied from old china plates.—Demorest's Magazine.

**BIGGEST OF SACHETS.**

**Used by Fashionable Women for Their Dainty Night Robes.**

The latest fad of mildly is an enormous sachet for her dainty robe de nuit, which is laid across the foot of her bed during the daytime, instead of a duvet. The sketch represents one of these pretty affairs which was recently made for a wedding present. The material is of cream satin duchesse wadded with



NIGHT ROBE SACHET.

cotton, perfumed with violet sachet powder, and lined with a blue and pink changeable silk, with a design of blue forget-me-nots, held together with a pink ribbon embroidered in the upper side in silk floss. The edges are finished with a heavy silken cord of blue and pink, and the sachet is tied together with a blue and pink Dresden ribbon. These fragrant envelopes are lovely when embroidered with the ribbon work which has already been described in these columns.—N. Y. Tribune.

**Threatened Return of Earrings.**

The fashion of wearing earrings, says the London Court Journal, has been lately written against as a return to a barbaric taste or a want of taste. Anyhow, earrings have crept slowly but surely back into public favor. Some appropriate new place to make use of for the surplus supply of diamonds has, it appears, to be found, although the front of the dress offers a wide field for display. The long pendant earrings it is dreaded, may perhaps once more come back into fashion—such as our grandmothers once deformed their ears with. Netherland ladies still wear these unsightly appendages when they are in full costume, with side plates a gold on each side of the head.

**Paste for Cleaning Steel.**

A capital paste for cleaning steel and iron is made by mixing together brick dust and whiting in equal quantities with enough paraffin to convert them into a smooth paste. Rub this on with an old cloth or washleather, and it will be found to give a brilliant appearance and leave no marks.



DARWIN'S THEORY OF THE EVOLUTION OF A SCORCHER.

**Covering a Grave Crime.**

Mrs. Outertown—That Mr. Subbubs shows more consideration for his neighbors than any man I ever saw.

Mr. Outertown (astounded)—Consideration! Good heavens! Do you call it consideration to wheel a lawn mower up and down his grass plot every morning at six o'clock?

Mrs. Outertown—Yes; but he does it so the neighbors will not hear his daughter practicing her singing lessons.—Puck.

**His Failure.**

Indignant Employer—Only three days ago you assured me that you had found a clew that would lead to a speedy solution of the whole mystery and now you come here to tell me that the clew was an illusion and to ask for more expensive money. They call you the "lynx-eyed sleuth," I believe? Bah, you are a fraud!

Detective—No, sir, I have merely dropped one of my links, that's all.—N. Y. World.

**A FINE PHYSICIAN.**



"Visit your master? But I'm told that he's very bad pay."

"I don't deny that, but his heirs want you to treat him—they will pay you promptly for your services."—Le Monde Conique.

**Gone Astray.**

Former Resident—Well, everything in the old town seems the same. But what became of the Widow Smith's boys? They always seemed such bright lads.

Native (with a sigh)—They both turned out bad. John's bin sent to the reformatory on 'Bill's learnin' the printin' trade.—Puck.

**His Explanation.**

"Doctor, how much flesh can one lose in a day under your treatment?"  
"That depends—I have one patient who lost thirty-five pounds yesterday."  
"Gracious!"  
"Fact—I cut his leg off."—Chicago Record.

**The Teachings of Adversity.**

The Bitter One—I tell you a man changes his mind about his friends and enemies.

"How so, old man?"  
"His enemies stop hitting him when he's down, but it's then that his friends begin."—Life.

**Shouldered a New Obligation.**

She—Have you seen that mannish Miss Strider in bloomers?  
He—No.  
She—It's awful—she raises her hat now when she meets women in skirts!—Chicago Record.

**Learning His Ground.**  
The man that never yet has tried the silent steel of steel to ride should never say "he knows his ground." But when he falls and rolls around. The bruising that he gets reveals not only how it looks but feels.  
—N. Y. Recorder.

**Natural.**

Mrs. Gossipy—And you don't object to the feminine bicycle costume, professor?

Prof. Flower—Not at all. It is the course of nature—after the "buds" come the "bloomers."—N. Y. Journal.

**JUVENILE GENEROSITY.**



"Give yer a orange! Was fer?"  
"Cos that one I bought last week was a bad 'un."  
"Where is it?"  
"I gave it to my sister."—Sketch.

**The Extent of His Fine.**

Judge—You admit hitting this man?  
Prisoner—Yes, your honor, I struck him.  
Judge—Well, suppose we say you struck him for ten dollars.—N. Y. World.

**Gallantry.**

Miss East (at an Oklahoma ball)—Pardon me for treading on your toe, sir.

Alkali Ike (gallantly)—Not a-toll, mom! Not a-toll, I assure you! Parding me for havin' a toe.—Puck.

**She Did Not Purchase.**

Woman—Have you any stove lifters? Hardware Clerk (from Boston)—We have stove lifters, madame. I presume that is what you mean.

Woman (defiantly)—I mean stove lifters.

Clerk (patronizingly)—A stove lifter would be something to lift up a stove. A jackscrew, for instance.

Woman (angrily)—Have you any jackscrews?

Clerk (surprised)—Yes, madame, I believe so, in the basement.

Woman (meditatively)—Are they silver plated?

Clerk (dumfounded)—No, madame.

Woman (triumphantly)—Then I don't want any. I wouldn't be seen putting up a stove with a jackscrew that wasn't silver plated. I'll go deal at some store where they have a better class of custom and keep aristocratic goods. Good morning.—N. Y. Weekly.

**Against All Precedent.**

"It pains me to report," said the chairman of the investigating committee, "that we have been grievously betrayed, grossly deceived."

"How?" asked several members in unison.

"I have just learned," explained the chairman, regretfully, "that there are some members of this committee who really wish to investigate."—Chicago Evening Post.

**He Knew Too Well.**

Actress (to editor)—See here! In this article you say that I am about to start out on a "starring tour," when I distinctly told your reporter that it was to be a "starring tour."

Editor—Well, you see, he was an actor himself before he went into this business, and naturally he knows how it is himself.—Town Topics.

**Woman, Woman, Lovely Woman.**

Esmerelda Longcollin—I saw you kiss Miss Elderly yesterday when you met her on the street. I thought you and she were at daggers' points. I know she talked shamefully about you. Birdie Mellenepin—I know it, too, but she has grown so old and ugly that I have forgiven her everything.—Texas Siftings.

**Her Reason.**

Mr. Younghubbe—Don't you think my dear, that you cook twice as much as we need?

Mrs. Younghubbe (artlessly)—I did it on purpose, darling; I want to try some of those "Hints for Housekeepers" how to make dainty dishes from what was left over from yesterday.—Detroit Sen.

**WASHINGTON, D. C.**



"Say, pop, what does the letters D. C. mean, dat dey always puts after Washington?"

"Dey means daddy of his country, yo' fool chile, yo'. Why don't yo' read yo' history?"—Judge.

**Couldn't Have Understood.**  
"Yes, I had a long conversation with Miss Beauchamp, of Boston, but I don't think she understood half I said."  
"What makes you think that?"  
"Well, she didn't have her spectacles on."—Judge.

**Wanted Truly Feminine.**

Miss Chatterly—I wonder why Jack Manley is so devoted to the old ladies of late?

Grafton—I suppose it's because they're not new women.—N. Y. World.

**Filling It Up.**

Clara Winterbloom—There is only enough to about half fill this trunk. What shall I do, fill it with papers?

Mrs. Winterbloom—No. Let your father pack it.—Bay City Chat.

**A Henpecked Hero.**

"A hero of a hundred battles!" she cried, admiring him through her eyes. "Indeed, I am," he murmured, sadly. "For I've been married twenty years."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Good Place to Learn.**

Judge—My boy, do you know the nature of an oath?

Youthful Witness—I guess I ought to. I've been page for two years in the state legislature.—Bay City Chat.

**Not His Fault.**

Jones—You have been at my wife again?

Sambo—No, sah; you does me an injustice. De cork wouldn't come out.—Texas Siftings.

**Her Midnight Farewell.**

"I call my girl Adeline Patti!"  
"What for?"  
"She says good-by so many times to the front door."—Chicago Record.

**Eve's Wit.**

"Nothing but leaves," said Eve with a twinkle in her eye, when Adam complimented her upon her new garment.—Boston Transcript.

**They Feared.**

"Why do you suppose the kluge old were clothed in purple?"  
"So that they might be in violet."—N. Y. Recorder.